A DAUGHTER OF THE MARIONIS

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Margharita looked like a beautiful wild animal in her passion. Her hair had fallen all over her face, and was streaming down her back. Her small white hand was clenched and upraised, and her straight, supple figure, panther-like in its grace, was distended until she towered over the little shrunken form before her Terrible was the gleam in her eyes, and terrible the fixed rigidity of her features. Yet she was as beautiful as a young goddess in her wrath.

"No!" she cried fiercely, "the order shall not die! You belong to it still; and I—I, too, swear the oath of vengeance! Together we will hunt her down—this woman! She shall suffer!"

"She shall die!" he cried.

A slight shudder passed across the girl's face, but she repeated his words "She shall die! But, uncle you are ill What is it?"

She chafed his hands and held him up. He had fainted.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RETURN TO REASON.

"Where am I, Margharita?"

She leant over him, and drew a long deep breath of relief. It was the reward of many weary days and nights of constant watching and careful nursing. His reason was saved.

"In your own room at the hotel," she whispered. "Don't you remember? You were taken ill."

He looked at her, helpless and puzzled. Slowly the mists began to roll away.

"Yes, you were with me," he murmured softly. "I remember now. I was telling you the story of the past—my past. You are Margharita's child. Yes, I remember. Was it this afternoon?"

She kissed his forehead, and then drew back suddenly, lest the warm tear which was quivering on her eyelid should fall back upon his face.

"It was three weeks ago."

"Three weeks ago." He looked wonderingly around—at the little table at his side, where a huge bowl of sweet-scented roses was surrounded by a little army of empty medicine bottles, at Margharita's pale, wan face, and at a couch drawn up to the bedside. "And you have been nursing me all the time?" he whispered.

She smiled brightly through the tears which she could not hide.

"Of course I have. Who has a better right, I should like to know?"

He sighed and closed his eyes. In a few minutes he was asleep.

For a fortnight his life had hung upon a thread, and even when the doctor had declared him out of danger the question of his sanity or insanity quivered upon the balance for another week. He would either awake perfectly reasonable, in all respects his old self, or he would open his eyes upon a world the keynote to which he had lost forever. In other words he would either awake a perfectly sane man, or hopelessly and incurably insane. There would be no middle course. That was the doctor's verdict.

And through all those long days and nights, Margharita had watched over him as though he had been her own father All the passionate sympathy of her warm southern nature had been kindled by the story of his wrongs. Day by day the sight of his helpless suffering had increased her indignation towards those whom she really believed to have bitterly wronged him. Through those long quiet days and silent nights, she had brooded upon them. She never for one moment repented of having allied herself to that wild oath of vengeance whose echoes often at dead of night seemed still to ring in her ears. Her only fear was that he would emerge from the fierce illness under which he was laboring, so weakened and shaken, that the desire of his life should have passed from him. She had grown to love this shrunken old man. In her girlhood she had heard stories of him from her nurse and many times the hot tears had stood in her eyes as she conjured up to herself that pathetic figure, waiting and waiting, year by year, for that liberty which was to come only with old age. She had thought of him, sad-eyed and weary, pacing his lonely prison cell, and ever watching through his barred window the little segment of blue sky and sunlight which penetrated into the high-walled court. How he must long for the scent of flowers, the fresh open air, the rustle of leaves and the hum of moving insects. How his heart must ache for the sound of men's voices, the touch of their hands, some sense of loving or friendly companionship to break the icy monotony of his weary, stagnant existence. Her imagination had been touched, and she had been all ready to welcome and to love him as a hero and a martyr, even if he had appealed to her in no other way. But when she had seen him stricken down and helpless, with that look of ineffable sadness in his soft dark eyes, it was more than her sympathy which was aroused, more than her imagination which was stirred Her large pitying heart became his absolutely. She was alone in the world and she must needs love some one. For good or for evil, fate had brought this strange old man to her, and woven this tie between them.

That night she scarcely slept at all, and before daybreak she stole softly over to the window and looked out. The roar of the great city was hushed and silent. Below, the streets and squares were white and empty in the grey light of the approaching dawn. The mists were rising from the river and the yellow light was dying out of the room. Away eastwards, there was a break in the sky, a long thin line of amber light which widened even while she watched it. Below, the sky was red, a dull brick red, as though the yellow fog had mingled with the fainter and rosier coloring. Gradually the two came nearer together. In the distance a cock screw and a cab drove across the empty square at the end of the street. A lamplighter came round the corner, whistling, and, one by one, the row of gaslights beneath were extinguished. Even in that moment or two a brighter shade had stolen into the eastern sky. That bank of dull purple clouds was breaking away, and a few brilliant specks of cloudlets were shot up towards St. Paul's. Then the sun showed a rim, and almost its first pale beam quivered upon the great church dome, traveled across a thousand slate roofs, and fell upon the girl's white, upturned face, and across the white coverlet.

"Margharita!"

She turned round quickly. He was sitting up in bed and the sunbeam was travelling up towards him.

"Are you awake? Did I disturb you?" she asked tenderly.

He shook his head.

"I have been awake, thinking. I remember being taken ill. I remember everything. Tell me. I must know. Did you—did you mean—everything you said? You pitied me, and my story made you sad. I would not hold you to your word."

She drew herself up; she was pale no longer; the color burnt in her cheeks.

"I am a Marioni!" she answered proudly. "Every word I said seems to me now too weak. That is the only change."

He held out his hands; she grasped them fondly.

"Margharita, she came here!" he whispered.

"What, here? Here in this room?"

He nodded.

"It was two days before you came I was sitting alone in the twilight. The door opened. I thought I was dreaming It was she, as beautiful as ever, richly dressed, happy, comely. She came to pity, to sue for pardon. I let her talk and then, when I had gathered strength I stood up and cursed her. I thrust her away; I cursed her with the fiercest and cruellest words which my lips could utter. It drove the warm color from her cheeks and the light from her eyes I cursed her till her heart shook with fear. She staggered out of the room a stricken woman. I——"

"Tell me her name."

"It was Adrienne Cartuccio. It is now Lady St. Maurice."

"The Lady St. Maurice! She was my mother's friend then?"

"Yes."

Margharita's eyes were bright, and her voice trembled.

"Listen!" she cried. "When my mother was dying she gave me a letter. If ever you need a friend or help," she whispered, "go to Lady St. Maurice. This letter is to her. She will help you for my sake. Uncle, fate is on our side. Just before I came to you I wrote to Lady St. Maurice. I told her that I was unhappy in my life, and wisher for a situation as a governess. I sent her my mother's letter."

"And she replied?"

"Yes. She offered me a home. If I wished, I could teach her little girl."

Her voice was trembling, and her eyes, dry and brilliant, were fixed upon his He was sitting upright in bed, leaning a little forward towards her, and the sunbeam which had stolen in through the parted curtains fell upon his white corpse-like face. A strange look was in his eyes; his fingers clutched the bedclothes nervously.

"You will—go?" he asked hoarsely. "You will go to Lady St. Maurice?"

An answering light shot back from her eyes. She was suddenly pale to the lips. Her voice was hushed as though in fear, but it was firm:

"Yes, I shall go. Tonight I shall accept her offer."

DAILY FASHION HINTS

BY MAY MANTON

7697 Child's Empire Dress, 1, 2 and 4 years.

WITH HIGH OR SQUARE NECK, LONG OR SHORT SLEEVES.

Empire frocks are always pretty for the wee children. This one is trimmed most becomingly and, as the skirt is made with a straight lower edge, it can be utilized for flouncing and bordered material as well as for plain. The body portion, or deep yoke, is tucked in groups and, between these groups, trimming is arranged. The skirt is simply straight and gathered at the upper edge; consequently, very little labor is required for the making, while the result is charming. White lawn, batiste and the like are the preferred materials for the very tiny children, but at four one may wear Dresden dimity and even colored gingham for morning occasions. The dimity with a hemmed skirt would be very pretty as well as useful, and blue gingham could be made in the same way with white embroidery to be very charming.

For the two-year size the dress will require 2 yards of material 36 or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide with 3¾ yards of insertion, 2¼ yards of embroidery and ⅜ yard of beading to make as shown in the large view; 1½ yards of flouncing 19 inches wide, with ⅞ yard of plain material 36 inches wide to make as shown in the small view.

The pattern 7697 is cut in sizes for children 1, 2 and 4 years of age. It will be mailed to any address by the Pattern Department of this paper on receipt of 10 cents.

PATTERN No. 7697.

UPON RECEIPT OF 10c. THE PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE AMERICAN will send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

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CAUTION.—Be careful to give correct number and size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

All orders for patterns, accompanied with 10c. for each, must be addressed to Pattern Department, Baltimore American, Baltimore, Maryland.

WORTH WHILE HINTS.

Make buttonholes on both sides of the lingerie waist, but sew the buttons on a white tape and button them to the button side. When the waist goes to the laundress remove the buttons. The same tape of buttons can be used on several waists.

A petticoat of white silk may have a scant double ruffle of striped silk ribbon, with an edging of lace. Cream and white with small fleck of blue is pretty. Another skirt may be made of black silk with scant triple ruffles of black silk ribbon showing a hemstitched edge.

To cover plain white buttons with four holes, cover with the chosen material in the usual way, but be sure to use thread or silk the color of the trimming or embroidery on the dress. Sew the buttons on through the four holes with stitches crossing, so as to look like a crossstitch.

For a stocking protector sew an inch of tape at each place on the edge of the stocking where the garters come. On these tape foundations make small tape loops. The garters may be fastened through these small loops.

FEMININE CHAT AND CHATTER

GOSSIP AND ADVICE FOR THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

How to Treat an In-law—It Is a Fight for Your Life's Happiness. Hide Your Feelings From Her and See What Happens—Pay Her an Unexpected Compliment and See How She Becomes Your Friend.

BY WINIFRED BLACK.

You don't like "His" sister and "His" sister doesn't like you, and He takes sides with Sister against you, and what shall you do? Nothing, honey, do n-o-t-h-i-n-g at all.

Sister may not like you, but that isn't a heinous crime after all, is it? One of the women I admire most in the world hates the sight of me, and I guess from her point of view she's perfectly right; but I don't want her executed for her likes and dislikes.

And you don't like sister. That's more important. It really is hard to be much with people you don't like, dreadfully hard, even if the reason you don't like them is because they go to church at 10 in the morning and you go at 6, or she does her peaches pound for pound and you do your's half a pound to a pound.

I'd move to a shed and live on bread and water before I'd live in the house with any one I really disliked, even if I had the use of a motor and a butler thrown in for my pains. But listen, isn't there something about sister you can like somehow?

Maybe she's the sort of person who can't like any one who doesn't like her and she knows how you feel. Can't you disguise your feelings from her and see what will happen?

Ten chances to one she'll fall dead in love with you and bore "Him" to death telling him that he isn't half good enough for you. So just try this way just for fun.

Te next time there's an argument between "Him" and "Her," and from what you say both of them love to argue, take Sister's side, pay he some compliment, something perfectly unexpected, and watch the tide begin to flow your way.

Hypocritical? Oh! I don't know. There must be something decent about her, something her friends see—can't you see it? And besides this is a serious fight for you, a fight for your life's happiness. Why don't you realize that and use a little strategy?

I know a woman whose husband's sister and mother joined in an attempt to make her home unhappy. The wife saw the whole situation, and she invited husband's mother and husband's sister to visit. Then she called in all her husband's friends, the ones she knew her husband liked and the ones she knew her husband's mother and sister didn't like, and then she sat back and watched the little comedy.

Like her husband's friends? Why, of course; what a question! And she didn't see anything wrong in husband's liking them.

And then how delighted she was to see husband come home at night and what a fuss she made over him when he had a headache, and sister made fun of him for giving way to it so easily. And before the visit was half over husband was counting the days when he and wifey could be alone again and happy.

You're a woman; use your woman's wits and outwit this sister who is trying to make your life a failure.

Don't try to settle the thing in a quarrel; you can't. Your husband isn't the right sort of fellow or he wouldn't let anyone on earth come between you and him. But he's what you have; make the best of him and of yourself, and fight sister with the weapons of wit and clever management, and you'll win hands down; see if you don't.

Think out the right way and you'll be surprised to find how easy it is, after all. Try it and see, and let us know. You aren't the only one with such a problem to solve. Tell us how you solve it, and help somebody else out of an unpleasant situation.

A DOLL PINCUSHION.

Doll pincushions make delightfully quaint-looking favors for a party and the hostess who is resourceful may get up any number of charming costumes from materials which she has in the house. The doll, of course, is not the cushion proper; she is merely the cover for a cardboard tube filled with cotton batting and veiled with silk into which the toilet pins are stuck and upon the top of which is perched her body, alas! amputated from the hips down.

The colonial dame doll pincushion cover having been long overworked, has utterly gone out of fashion and in her place are seen French grand dames of the fifteenth century and ladies of the Elizabethian period. They wear wide skirts which look as though distended by farthingales, and big sleeves which often are of a material contrasting with the rest of the costume. Their hats are curious affairs of bell-topper type, when they wear hats, but oftener they appear in caps of muslin and lace.

Most of all novel is the Filipino doll, who must, of course, have black hair and an olive complexion. She wears a full skirt and a fichu bodice of muslin embroidery—suited to her tropic birthplace—and on her head is a floating veil of muslin embroidery or net. One point in favor of the Filipino doll is that her garb is launderable, for even a pincushion lady picks up more or less grime in the course of her useful career.

FASHIONS IN BELTS.

Lacking a small belt, the tailored worsted skirt and the tailored linen shirtwaist costume of the schoolteacher or the office clerk is incomplete.

If the figure is both slight and abnormally long-waisted, the belt may be three inches broad. In its smartest expression, this accessory is of black patent leather, inlaid through the center with an inch-wide band of white kid, is white satin lined and fastens with a dull gold buckle and clasp.

Also chic-looking is the broad belt of taupe kid slashed to show facings of black velvet separated by gun metal ornaments and closing with a trunk buckle of the same material.

Two gold or silver trunk buckles run through with lap ends decorate the center of a smart, narrow belt that is two-thirds of black patent kid and one-third in Indian red suede.

Of similar width are the belts of burnished leather in black or brown on white, decorated through the center with narrow straps of blue kid carrying a row of five tiny gilt buttons. This type of belt, like most of those worn solely with a tailored skirt and shirt, is trunk-buckle fastened.

THE FUR EDGING.

With the pretty round walking skirts fur edgings, are coming very much to the fore again, although it must be owned that the fur is as often as not used with thin materials as it is with cloth and velvet.

For instance, there is a charming frock grade of mousseline de soie in two tones, the top and upper part of the skirt, which reaches half way to the knees, being carried out in rich emerald green, while the rest of the skirt is in snuff-colored mousseline de soie with a border of skunk. This is a very successful toilet, the color scheme being both original and pleasing, while the skunk lends it a special note of richness. In detail the gown is simplicity itself, the corsage joining neatly at the throat, where there is a frill of fine lawn, while the sleeves are put into a seam just below the turn of the shoulders, and the fronts are fastened with crystal buttons set into little bows of dark brown velvet.

A STUNNING GIFT BELT.

Particularly stunning with an afternoon house frock is a new model in velvet ribbon belts which is readily duplicated by the needlewoman who knows how to do beadwork neatly. One girl who makes personally all the gifts which she sends out the day before Christmas beaded a dozen or more of such belts. For each one she used a 23-inch strip of No. 12 width velvet ribbon in black, dark, green, blue and various "evening" tints and along each edge she beaded a Greek key design measuring about a half-inch across. The effect of this classic pattern of cut steel, crystal or pearl beads on black or dark-hued velvet is positively enchanting, but not more so than when embroidered on ceil blue, peach pink or Nile green. Instead of fastening with buckles, each belt is secured with matching loops which go over round flat buttons of the beading material.

YOUR FALSE HAIR OR SWITCH.

If it has lost its luster and looks dry and dull, wash it just as you would your own hair, rinsing well, and afterwards hanging it up so that it dries thoroughly.

After it is quite dry put a little vaseline on the palms of your hands and rub this into the switch—rubbing with a downward motion, so that the vaseline gets into the hair well. Do not, however, have the hands too greasy. When you have rubbed the vaseline in, take a good brush and use it vigorously, with even steady strokes.

You will find this will make the hair glossy and bright again.

LETTUCE SALAD WITH CHEESE BALLS

Two packages of Neufchatel cheese, one-half teaspoon onion juice, two tablespoons lemon juice, one tablespoon chopped parsley, two tablespoons salt and paprika with some lettuce and French dressing; mix all the seasonings with the cheese. Make into small balls with butter paddler and serve with head lettuce covered with French dressing. For a change, do not put the parsley into the balls, but chop more of it very fine and roll the balls in it very lightly.

SALMON AND PEAS FOR LUNCH.

Put a can of salmon in a dish of hot water, after it is heated through open and put contents in center of a platter, then pour a hot cream sauce over it, at the same time have a can of peas hot, drain liquor off and put peas around the edge of dish with salmon in the center.

Cream Sauce—One teacupful of cream or milk heated to boiling, stir in one-half tablespoonful of cornstarch wet with a little milk and when thick season with salt, pepper and one-half tablespoonful of butter.

CREOLE SAUCE.

Into a small saucepan put one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of finely-chopped onion, the same of green pepper, and cook slowly until the butter is deep brown, but not burned. Stand aside for five minutes; then add one tablespoonful of vinegar and one tablespoonful of freshly-grated horseradish; simmer for three minutes, add one teaspoonful of flour, stir until smooth; then gradually dilute with one cupful of concentrated tomatoes. Add salt and simmer five minutes.

HOME-MADE UMBRELLA STAND

A very ornamental as well as useful umbrella stand may be made from a piece of sewer pipe. Take a piece about 10 inches in diameter, put a round piece of wood at one end for a bottom and paint the whole a dark green. Wooden handles will add to the looks, if one wants to take the time to make them. They can be fastened securely by drilling small holes through the pipe with a star drill and fastening from the inside.

LITTLE CARD SUPPERS.

A little supper of rolled sandwiches filled with strips of celery, lobster fingers, saltine crackers, cream cheese with Bar-le-duc currants, salted nuts, candy and cider is very appetizing.

USE LIME.

If a small box of unslaked lime is kept in the pantry it will absorb all impurities. The air will be kept dry and sweet. Change the lime every two or three weeks.

SUSPENDERS ON BALL GOWN

—Underwood & Underwood.

A regal ball gown of coral messaline embroidered with holly leaves and pearls, whose great novelty is the suspender. A ribbon of broad silk about the waist is gathered into a rosette at the back while a ribbon to match is suspended from this rosette, gathering up the bow of the tunic and giving the gown a straight back, military effect.

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OHIO BRIBERY CASES

A Former State Railroad Commissioner Submits to Arrest.

Columbus, O., January 12.—Indicted upon three counts for the alleged influencing of legislation before the last General Assembly, William Kirkby, of Toledo, former Ohio railroad commissioner and well known as an attorney, has appeared at the Franklin County Courthouse and submitted to arrest.

Kirkby's indictment is the latest in connection with the Ohio legislative bribery investigation by Attorney General Hogan and Prosecuting Attorney Edward C. Turner, of Franklin county, and is said to have resulted through the confession of Dr. George B. Nye, representative in the last legislature from Waverly, Pike county.

Kirkby denied that he had been guilty of bribery, gave a surety bond for $10,000 covering all three indictments, and started for his home in Toledo, saying that he would return to the capital next Tuesday.

One of the counts against the Toledo attorney charges that in 1908, when Dr. Nye was a member of the legislature, Mr. Kirkby, representing the Ohio Traction Company, offered to purchase railroad ties from Nye for the Ohio Traction Company in return for the representative's influence on certain bills, the numbers of which were not given in the indictments.

The other two indictments are practically identical, excepting as to dates. The second and third charges give the dates as 1910 and 1911, respectively.

IN FIGHT FOR FORTUNE

William Ziegler Would Like to Be a Real Millionaire.

Special Dispatch to The American.

New York, January 12.—Being a plutocrat in name only is not to the liking of William Ziegler, 21 years old, recently married and reported to be worth $30,000,000, and he has engaged lawyers to help him get $4,500,000 of income accumulated on the estate which he inherits since the death of his father in 1905.

Under the terms of his father's will Ziegler must wait four years longer to get the first quarter of the estate, nine years for the second quarter, 14 years for the third quarter and 19 years more for the last quarter. The estate amounted last year to $14,625,445.

The young millionaire has been besieged by charitable workers, agents for automobiles and yachts, but he has been unable to do business with any of them. It is said that the desire to build a mansion for his bride is one of the immediate causes behind his present action.

JUDGE DIDN'T THINK SO

Chicago Attorney Fined for His Hasty Remark.

Special Dispatch to The American.

Chicago, January 12.—"I'm not half as drunk as you are, judge," remarked E. M. Gates, an attorney, to Judge Gammill, in the Court of Domestic Relations today.

"Twenty-five dollars and costs," snapped the Judge.

Later the attorney apologized to the court and his fine was suspended.

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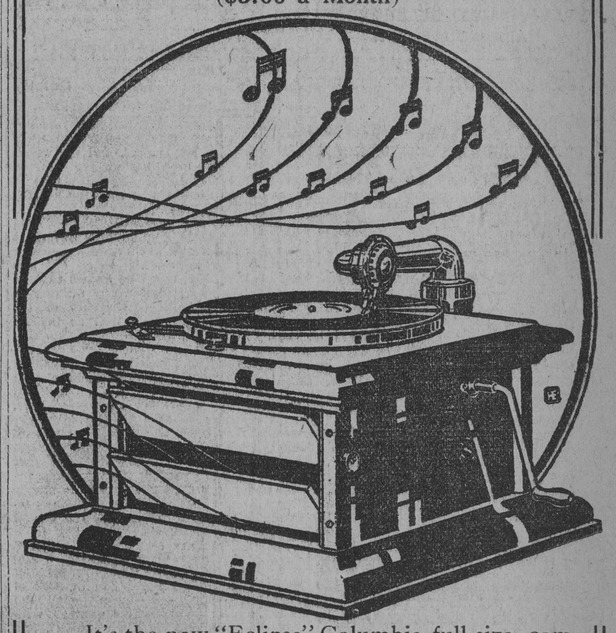

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HERRING, O. SONS & CO., 118 N. Howard St.
MINCH & EISENBREY, 218 W. Lexington St.
TURNBULL, JOHN, JR., & CO., Howard and Franklin Sts.

COPPERSMITH AND PLUMBER.
HUBERT, JOHN, 1714 Thames St.

DECORATORS & FRESCO PAINTERS.
EMMART & QUARTLEY, 210 W. Fayette St.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES & JEWELRY.
HENNEGEN-BATES CO., 7 E. Baltimore St.

DYEING AND CLEANING.
WILLAX, CHARLES J., 560 N. Gay St.

DRY GOODS (Wholesale & Retail).
BERNHEIMER BROS., 311, 313, 315 W. Lex. St.
BRAGER'S, Saratoga and Eutaw Sts.
EISENBERG'S 222 W. Lexington St.
GOLDENBERG BROS., 25 W. Lexington St.
GUTMAN, JOEL, & CO., 112 to 122 N. Eutaw St.
GUTMAN, JULIUS, & CO., 201 and 203 W. Lexington Sts.
HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO., Howard and Lexington Sts.
HUTZLER BROS., 212 N. Howard St.
LAUER'S, 449, 451 and 453 N. Gay, Cor. East.
F. LAZARUS & SON, 507 N. Gay St.
O'NEILL & CO., 114 and 116 N. Charles St.
STEWART & CO., N. E. Corner Howard and Lexington Sts.
ROSENTHAL'S, 306 N. Eutaw St.
THE LEADER, Howard and Lexington Sts.

EXPRESS COMPANIES.
ADAMS EXPRESS CO., Union Trust Building.
U. S. EXPRESS CO., 19 E. Baltimore St.

FERTILIZERS.
G. OBER & SON'S CO., 308-309 Fidelity Bldg.

FURNITURE.
BENESCH, ISAAC, & SONS, 549-557 N. Gay St.
GOMPRECHT & BENESCH, 218 to 220 N. Eutaw.
GODEY, THOMAS, & SON, 520 N. Charles St.
GUSDOREF & JOSEPH, 117 & 119 N. Howard St.
HECHT BROS. & CO., 682 to 687 W. Baltimore.
HOWARD FURNITURE CO., 109-111 N. Howard Street.
MURPHY, FRANK J., 320-322 W. Lexington St.
POLLACK, U. A., Howard and Saratoga Sts.

FOREIGN FRUITS.
PALMER, HARVEY & CO., 113-115 Cheapside.

HARNESS, SADDLERY, ROBES AND BLANKETS.
O. F. DAY, SON & CO., 404-408 W. German St.

HOTELS.
HOTEL LEXINGTON, Holliday & Lex. A. P. & E. P.

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
J. SETH HOPKINS-MANSFIELD CO., 4, 6 and 8 W. Fayette St.
PUTTS, J. W., Lexington St. and Park Ave.

LOAN OFFICES.
BENJAMIN & CO., 420, 422, 424 E. Fayette St.
CONSOLIDATED LOAN CO., 1 N. Gay St.
SALABES & CO., 675 W. Baltimore St.

LUMBER.
SHRYOCK, T. J., & CO. (also Mfrs.), Shryock's Wharf.

MACHINISTS AND BOILERMAKERS.
BASSHOR, THOS. G., & CO., 28 Light St.
CODD CO., E. J., 706 and 708 S. Caroline St.

MEDICINE.
MEYER, A. C., & CO., 118 W. Lombard St.
PETZOLD GERMAN BITTERS. All druggists.

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MERCANTILE AGENCIES.
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MILL FURNISHERS.
STARR, B. F., & CO., 455 North St.

MINERS AND SHIPPERS OF COAL.
BLACK, SHERIDAN, WILSON CO., 201 and 202 Fidelity Bldg.
SHAW BROS., 10 South St.

PIANO AND ORGAN DEALERS.
EISENBRANDT & SONS, H. R., 228-30 North Howard St.
SANDERS & STAYMAN, S. E. Cor. Charles and Fayette Sts.

PRINTERS.
YOUNG, JAMES, N. E. Cor. Baltimore and North Sts.

PRINTERS' ROLLERS.
MARK D. HARRIGAN, Printers' Rollers and Inks, 310 N. Holliday St.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS AND BROKERS.
GLENN, JOHN, & CO., 16 St. Paul St.
LINDSAY, GEO. W., & SONS, 112 N. Paca St.
LIVEZEY, E., N. W. Cor. St. Paul & Lexington.

SHOES.
DALSHEIMER BROS., 229 W. Lexington St.
SLESINGER, L., 106 N. Charles St.

STOVE DEALERS AND FOUNDERS.
BENNETT BROS., 523 N. Fremont Ave.

TEA AND COFFEE DEALERS.
KENNY, C. D., Cor. Eutaw and Lexington Sts.

WALL PAPER.
West Balto. Wall Paper Co., 648 W. Balto. St. o23-d&S1d

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